

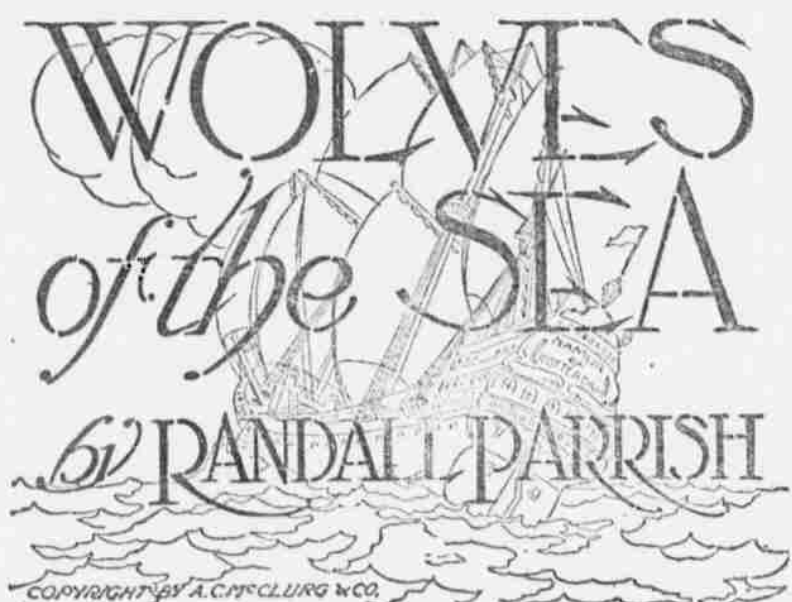
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Four Page.



"I would ask an opportunity denied me—to stand once more in honor among men. I would not be ashamed before Dorothy Fairfax."

"Nor need you be," she exclaimed impetuously, her hands pressing mine. "You wrong yourself, even as you have been wronged. You have already done that which shall win you freedom, if it be properly presented to those in power. I mean that it shall be, once I am safely back in Virginia. Tell me, what are your plans with—this schooner?"

"To beach it somewhere along shore, and leave it there a wreck, while we escape. The men insist on it with good reason. They have been pirates, and might be hung if caught."

"And yet to my mind," she insisted earnestly, "that choice is most dangerous. I am a girl, but if I command here, do you know what I would do? I would sail this vessel straight to the Chesapeake and surrender it to the authorities. The men have nothing to fear with me aboard and ready to testify in their behalf. The governor will accept my word without a question. These men are not pirates, but honest seamen compelled to serve in order to save their lives; they ransomed and captured the bark, but were later overcome, and compelled to take the boats. The same plea can be made for you, Geoffrey, only you were there in an effort to save me. It is a service which ought to win you freedom. If the governor fall me, I will bear my story to the feet of the king. I am a Fairfax, and we have friends in England, strong, powerful friends."

"I am convinced," I admitted, after a pause, "that this course is the wiser one, but fear the opposition of the men. They will never go willingly."

"There is an argument which will overcome their fear. I mean cupidity. Each sailor aboard has an interest in the salvage of this vessel under the English law. Also there must be gold aboard—perhaps treasure also. Let the crew dream that dream and you will need no whip to drive them into an English port."

"Full pardon, and possibly wealth with it," I laughed. "A beautiful scheme, Dorothy, yet it might work. Still, if I know sailorsmen, they would doubt the truth, if it came direct from me, for I am not really one of them."

"But Watkins is. Explain it all to him; tell him who I am, the influence I can wield in the colony, and then let him whisper the news to the others. Will you not do this—for my sake?"

"Yes," I answered. "I believe you have found the right course. If you will promise to lie down and sleep I will talk with Watkins now. I may catch some catnaps before morning, but most of the time shall be prowling about deck. Good night, dear girl."

She extended her arms, and drew me down until our lips met.

"You are actually afraid of me still," she said. "Why should you be?"

"Somehow, Dorothy, you have always seemed so far away from me I have never been able to forget. But now the touch of your lips has—"

"Broken down the last barrier?"

"Yes, forever."

"Are you sure? Would you not feel still less doubt if you kissed me again?"

I held her closely, gazing down into the dimly revealed outline of her face, and this time felt myself the master.

I left her there and groped my own way forward. I found Watkins awake. He listened gravely to what I had to say, with little comment, and was evidently weighing every argument in his mind.

"I've bin in Virginia and Maryland, sir," he said at last seriously, "and if the young woman is a Fairfax, she'll likely have influence enough ter do just what she says. I'll talk it over with the lads. If they was only sure that was treasure aboard I guess most of 'em would face hell ter git their hands on a share of it."

"Then why not search and see?"

He shook his head obstinately.

"Not me, sir! I don't prowl around in no cholors ship, loaded with dead men—not if I never git rich."

"Then I will," and I got to my feet in sudden determination. "You keep the deck while I go below. Light the lantern and bring it here. If there is any specie hidden aboard this hooker it will be either in the cabin or lazaret. And, whether there is or not,

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To Secure Members for
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**Volunteer Now At Your
Chapter Headquarters
Third Red Cross Roll Call
November 2-11**

my men, the Santa Marie turns north tomorrow if I have to fight every sea wolf on board single-handed."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A Struggle in the Dark.

He came back with the lantern in his hand, a mere tin box containing a candle, the dim flame visible through numerous punctures. Neither of us spoke until my hand was on the companion door ready to slide it open.

"I'll not be long below," I said soberly. "Better go forward and see that your lookout men are awake, and then come back here."

The port stateroom I had not previously entered because of a locked door. I determined on breaking in here. There was no key in the lock, and the stout door resisted by efforts. Placing the lantern on the deck I succeeded finally in inserting the blade of a hatchet so as to gain a purchase sufficient to release the latch. As the door yielded a sharp cry assailed me from within. It came forth so suddenly and with so wild an accent I stepped blindly backward in fright, my foot overturning the lantern, which, with a single flicker of the candle, went out. In that last gleam I saw a dim, grotesque outline fronting me. Then, in the darkness, gleamed two green, menacing eyes, growing steadily larger, nearer, as I stared at them in horror. Was it man or beast? Devil from hell, or some crazed human against whom I must battle for life? The green eyes glared into my face. I lifted my hand toward him, and touched—hair! My antagonist was a giant African ape.

Even as the big ape's grip caught me, ripping through jacket sleeve to the flesh, I realized my great peril, but I was no longer paralyzed with fear, helpless before the unknown. I drove my hatchet straight between those two gleaming eyes. The brute staggered back, dragging me with him. His humanlike cry of pain ended in a snarl, but, brief as the respite proved, it gave me grip on his under jaw and an opportunity to drive my weapon twice more against the hairy face. The pain served only to madden the beast, and before I could wrench free he had me clutched in an iron grip, my jacket torn in shreds. His jaws snapped at my face, but I had such purchase as to prevent their touching me, and mindless of the claws tearing at my flesh I forced the animal's head back until the neck cracked and the lips gave vent to a wild scream of agony. I dared not let go; dared not relax for an instant the exercise of every ounce of strength. I felt as though the life was being squeezed out of me by the grasp of those hairy arms; yet the very vice in which I was held yielded

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Recreation in Hospitals.



The American Red Cross conducts its recreational work in hospitals through trained men and women, introducing a multitude of recreations suited to the handicaps of the men. The accompanying view of a hospital ward shows in operation a moving picture projecting machine, developed by a Red Cross recreational director, which throws the pictures on the wall so that the men do not have to stir from their cots.

me leverage. The hatchet dropped to the deck and both my hands found lodgment under the jaw, the muscles of my arms strained to the utmost, as I forced back that horrid head. Little by little it gave way, the suffering brute whining in agony, until, the pain becoming unendurable, the clinging arms suddenly released their hold, letting me drop heavily to the deck.

By some good fortune I fell upon the discarded hatchet, and stumbled

rising to my knees, only to fall immediately pitch forward unconscious.

When I came back once more to life I was upon the schooner's deck breathing the fresh night air, Dorothy and Watkins bending over me.

CHAPTER XXX.

Opening of the Treasure Chest.

The dawn came slowly, and with but little increase of light. The breeze had almost entirely died away, leaving the canvas aloft motionless, the schooner barely moving through a slightly heaving sea, in the midst of a dull-gray mist. When Watkins emerged from the mist I proposed to him that we go below and continue the search for gold. He was not anxious to go and Dorothy persuaded me to let her go with me. In the room where the ape had been hidden we found a big chest and I set to work to open it.

It proved harder than I had believed, the staple of the lock clinging to the hard teak wood of which the chest was made. The lid was heavy, but as I finally forced it backward a hinge snapped and permitted it to drop crashing to the deck. For an instant I could see nothing within.

"Lift up the lantern, Dorothy, please. No, higher than that. What in God's name? Why, it is the corpse of a woman!"

I heard her cry out, and barely caught the lantern as it fell from her hand. At first I doubted the evidence of my own eyes, snatching the bit of flaring candle from its tin socket and holding it where the full glare of light fell across the gruesome object. Ay, it was a woman, with lower limbs doubled back from lack of space, but otherwise lying as though she slept, so perfect in preservation her cheeks appeared flushed with health, her lips half smiling. It was a face of real beauty—an English face, although her eyes and hair were dark and her mantilla and long earrings were unquestionably Spanish. A string of pearls encircled her throat, and there were numerous rings upon her fingers. The very contrast added immeasurably to the horror.

"She is alive! Surely she is alive!"

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

Home Service.



One of the finest constructive activities of the American Red Cross in the war was Home Service in the United States, the friendly connecting link between the soldier far from home and his loved ones. This branch of the work which under the peace program of the Red Cross will be expanded to benefit all who need the assistance it can provide, is directed by scientifically trained social workers. Since instituted Home Service has assisted 800,000 soldiers' and sailors' families. This photograph shows one of the innumerable Home Service information bureaus where service men and their families could bring their problems for solution.

THIRD RED CROSS ROLL CALL

November 2 to 11, 1919

Time to Re-Join

"My goodness, what a lovely auto-mobile," she said.

The "Adams fellow" smiled at her, and waving to the driver, got in.

"Just let me throw this bag out of the way, Miss Leona, and let me make you for a little spin. You'll see that it was just as good as it looks; that is, of course, if you'd like me to."

Miss Leona had already gone in for her nearest but.

"Now, you see," he went on, "the car only holds two, that we can't take Hel—er—your niece, along with us. I'll take her for a little ride when we come back—or if I may."

"Land, yes. It will do her good."

The Wayfield Knitting club rose in a body, as they saw Miss Leona driving through the town in the "Adams fellow's" car. But when, not long after, they saw the same car dart past, ever so much faster, with Helen sitting by the side of the "Adams fellow," they laid down their work for the afternoon and gave themselves up to speculation on the meaning of the event.

"What a beautiful day it is," a distance maiden was saying, when with the town several miles in the background the car slowed down so as to make conversation possible.

"Is that all you have to say to me, Helen?" impatiently. "Didn't you get my letter?"

"Why, yes," quietly answered the distance little maiden. She seemed quite indifferent.

"Helen, my dear, kept me waiting a whole year, and this afternoon has been insufferable. Think, a whole year without seeing you. You don't realize how I wanted you. You can't. Oh, Helen, dear, I want you so much."

"And you think that we've known each other long enough?"

"Oh, I cannot get along without you, Helen."

"Well, then, I don't see but that you'll have to take me, Frank."

The sun was setting as they drove back very slowly to the little town. The Knitting club was waiting wearily to see if they were to return at all. Many were their sighs and exclamations when the roadster passed by. A few minutes later the "Adams fellow" was explaining to Miss Leona something about the engine stopping in the woods and about the length of time it took before he could start it again.

Wonderful Automatic Clock.

The clock of the world's largest pedestal clock, erected in the center of the new \$10,000,000 wholesale terminal at Los Angeles, can be seen from any part of the 20 acres covered by the market place. The clock, which is 35 feet high, automatically operates its own lighting system, turns it on at sundown and shuts it off at daylight, and winds and sets itself.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. In Roumania.



Soon after the entrance of the United States in the war the successes of the Central Powers in Roumania had reduced that country to a most tragic condition and in the summer of 1917, the American Red Cross dispatched its first Roumanian relief contingent. Two hospitals were at once taken over and operated by the Red Cross, a canteen for the starving refugees established and food and clothing distributed over a large area. Transportation was one of the toughest problems with which the Red Cross workers in Roumania had to deal. Here is seen an expert used by the Red Cross to carry its relief supplies up into the mountains.